

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

[COMMUNICATED.]

FORREST'S ORATION AT NEW YORK.

We have perused this airy tissue of attempted oratory with more pleasure than any Fourth of July production for many years. It is no doubt the elaborate, if not redolent concoction of all the powers of a mind which has heretofore been contented with reciting from the genius of other people; and if it does fall "infinitely short" of either originality of thought, or talent, the allowance is to be found in the fact, that it is the author's first attempt at trading upon the capital of his own brains. We have said, we read this speech with pleasure; we did, so it reminded us of our young light days of school, when we listened to the outpourings of some classmate yet within his teens, who, on some holiday occasion, had strung together the names and doings of Hampden, Sidney, Locke and Jefferson, and ranted them upon us in set phrases, well couched, like the unrolling of the tune from a small barrel organ, which, "in the warm and liquid dew of youth," as Hamlet says, seemed to our untutored ears to discourse delightful music.

Thanks, then, to this Orator, who in the attempt at the experience or wisdom of age, has fallen short of the dull mark, and carried us back to the composition, gala days of our juvenility.

There is one part, however, of this oration, which does savor somewhat of knowledge, and as it is the instruction realised, no doubt through one of the senses of the orator upon his late trip to Europe, and which any one not deprived of the faculty of vision, may acquire who goes there, we have no doubt the description of it is true, maugre the bombast in which plain facts are set forth.

We would gladly have witnessed the "public rehearsal" of this green-room composition. We have no doubt the personal part was well managed—for, as Forrest relates of himself, an old actor used to say "he is strong in the physics, though weak in the mentalities."

The following is the extract. He is speaking of the curses of a depraved population in England.

"Yes! though she drove our fathers from her shores with the accursed scourge of political and religious persecution, and though, like an unnatural parent, she battled with her children when they asserted the unalienable prerogatives of humanity and nature, I reverence England. But let not my eyes be turned to where she sits in the swollen pride of aristocratic grandeur, for an example of that system of policy which can wholly restrain the outbreaks of popular phrenzy. Behold! what fires are those which flash across her borders, and wrap them in the red and fumid wreath of conflagration! They are kindled by the riotous and incendiary sons of agriculture, who, pushed by want to the extreme verge of endurance, are now excited to madness at the sight of art introducing her contrivances to render their labor superfluous, and snatch the scant crust from their famishing mouths. But hark! in another quarter the hoarse roar of many voices is ascending, mingled with the crash of massive bodies, falling in shattered fragments to the earth. The tumult proceeds from the pale operatives of the manufactories, turning at last and rending the hands that degraded human nature to the duddery of brutes, without affording it even the respite and nurture which brutes enjoy. And mark again, from yonder sequestered corner, the sounds of sudden fear. A press-gang, with the myriads of power at their backs, are in fierce conflict with the populace. The latter contend desperately, for they are contending for the inestimable right of personal freedom. But see the guards in blood-red liveries, (in color for their sanguinary trade,) hasten forward to the field of action, and restore peace and order at the bayonet's point. There are some of the scenes which a cursory glance over England describes."

[COMMUNICATED.]

PATENT OFFICE.

Messrs. Editors: Can you tell us whether one of the Clerks in the Patent Office, and who is a foreigner, declared that the Vice President of the United States, Richard M. Johnson, was a disgrace to the Nation, or something to that effect; and that upon complaint being made to Mr. Ellsworth, the Superintendent of that Department, he merely admonished the Clerk to be more circumspect? Now, as an "Administration man," as well as a Native American, I think it due to all of my party that this matter should be investigated. If the Superintendent is an Administration man, he ought, upon the principles of that Administration, to oust this detractor from his office, provided the charge against him is true; and if Mr. Ellsworth is not of the party in power, then he is bound, as a Patriot and a Native, not longer to patronize a foreigner, who is strengthened to abuse our public men by the bread he receives from the public moneys.

AN OLD JACKSON MAN.

The Republican of the 26th ult. has a short article about Capt. Marryatt, the Cin. Whig, foreigners, &c., which contains more error than we would have supposed could be well crowded into so few lines.

The Republican thinks it quite mortifying that intelligent Americans should manifest any sensitiveness on account of what foreigners may think or say of us as a people, or of our institutions. In this we beg leave to differ from our neighbor. So far from its being mortifying that Americans resent the insults heaped upon them and their institutions by foreigners, we think it highly commendable for them to do so, and nothing more than the exhibition of a proper love and respect for their country and countrymen. If we had more national pride, and were invariably to treat the insolence of presumptuous foreigners with merited indignation, we should be annoyed much less by their arrogance, insults, and ridiculous assumptions of superiority.

There is nothing we more detest than the fawning superciliousness, the obsequious deference, the courting sycophancy, which many of our countrymen invariably exhibit towards a titled, or distinguished, foreigner.

They seem to feel that their own importance or elevation in society materially depends upon attracting the notice, or securing the association, of some foreign dignitary—and if they can elicit a condescending nod or shake of the hand by a Count or Prince, they are in raptures. Away with such a want of personal dignity, say we.

We are by no means opposed to treating meritorious foreigners of distinction, with attention and high respect—but on the contrary, approve of doing so. We ought, however, never to carry the thing so far, as manifestly to make ourselves sycophants, or compromise our own dignity.

The Republican, also asserts, that "an Englishman does not care a fig what a foreigner says of his country." This sentiment is signally erroneous. No people on earth, are more sensitive on this subject, than the English—and this is fully proved by the violent attacks made by their Reviewers and other writers, upon Cooper and Paulding, for their independent opinions respecting the people of England and their customs.—*Cin. Whig.*

Excellent.—The Cincinnati Insurance offices have agreed to an abatement of ten per cent. on the premium due from steamboats conducted without intoxicating drink.

At Windsor, Vermont, the Thermometer has stood lately at 94 deg. Here in Washington it has been, several times, in the shade, from 97 deg. to 100 deg.

It appears to be nothing more than a simple act of justice to assist in giving publicity to the following communication from the Creek Indians to the editor of the Arkansas Gazette, in vindication of an unfortunate, perhaps greatly injured, but comparatively innocent people. When justice will be served by any act of ours, that act shall be done voluntarily and cheerfully. We therefore insert it.

To the Editor of the Arkansas Gazette.

CREEK NATION, June 12, 1838.

Sir: It is with feelings of regret that the undersigned chiefs of the Creek nation, have had interpreted to them a report in your paper of May 30th, stating that the Creek Indians show but little disposition to plant corn; and that in several instances they have destroyed their own fences; and that the old women have been heard to declare that as soon as the green corn is fit to pull, the whites must look out; and that most of them carry the marks of determined vengeance in their countenances; and that this report has come through so respectable a source as to leave no doubt of the fact, as it was given by a gentleman who has been for several years assisting in the emigration of Indians west. That a great portion of the Creeks have been removed at the point of the bayonet, is but too true; and that there is a dissatisfaction among them, is also true; yet they look up to the Government for the fulfillment of the promises their agents have made them. When that is done, all will be right with the Muscogee people; and until that is done, they will not consider themselves fairly dealt with. And, so any disposition to hostilities among us, we know nothing of it; neither has the first rail of a fence been broken, nor have we heard any thing of the old women's report, that the white people must look out as soon as the green corn gets ripe. The Muscogee nation have, at this time, as good a prospect for a good crop of corn, considering the late spring and the small quantity of farming tools, as they ever had. The gentleman who was the origin of this report was mistaken, and we should like for you to give his name, as we know of no one who has been recently in the Creek nation, who has been employed, for years, in the emigrating of Indians; and we the undersigned chiefs do declare the report of hostilities against the whites to be utterly untrue. They have too much love for their wives and children to cherish such an idea for a moment.

The Creek delegation on their arrival at Van Buren, in Crawford county, Arkansas, were told, to their surprise, of the report in circulation about the Creeks, and some attempts were made to stop them, until the facts could be ascertained; yet through the influence of some friends, they were permitted to continue home; and they take pleasure in announcing to their Arkansas brothers, and the world, that the report is all false, and hope that you will give this a true statement in your paper.

With respect, we are your friends and brothers. (Signed by ROLEY MCINTOSH, FISHHATCHY MICCO, and twenty-two other chiefs.)

B. MARSHALL, Interpreter.

ELI JACOBS, C. C.

THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

MARSHALL AND WHITE.

We some days since alluded to the address delivered by James C. Biddle, Esq. before the societies of the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg. We have since been favored with a copy, and find that it fully sustains the high reputation of its author. Indeed, it is a chaste, eloquent, and scholar-like performance, and admirably suited to an assembly of young and patriotic Americans. After giving a brief but masterly view of the character of Washington, Mr. B. thus adverts to two other pure and patriotic spirits of the Revolution.—*Phil. Inq.*

"The American Revolution produced an unusual number of great and good men. The study of their lives, the imitation of their example, may well be inculcated on our rising youth as a salutary lesson. Two bright examples of illustrious men, raised in the school of the Revolution, have recently died in our own Commonwealth; Chief Justice Marshall and Bishop White. Two purer, better, greater men, have rarely lived. Chief Justice Marshall, impelled by youthful ardor, took up arms and displayed great gallantry in the revolutionary struggle; and Bishop White, Chaplain of Congress, incurred all the danger that attended the issue of the contest. No Judge ever displayed more patience, more learning, more wisdom, more integrity, than Chief Justice Marshall. His expositions of the federal constitution will survive him as an invaluable testimonial of the great obligations he has conferred on his countrymen. No prelate was ever more unpretending, more dignified, more sincerely pious, more extensively useful, than Bishop White. Both these excellent men were remarkable for the simplicity of their manners. Bishop White presided at a public meeting held in Philadelphia, to do honor to the memory of Chief Justice Marshall. Truly, the choice was appropriate. A few years before the death of Bishop White, when political asperity was at its height, and an election was conducted with more than customary violence, the windows, at which the votes were received, were crowded with a dense mass of contending citizens, so that it was difficult to reach the polls; Bishop White was seen to approach—some one called out, 'Make way, here comes Bishop White.' The crowd separated spontaneously, and made a lane for the aged Christian to pass through. He reached the polls, deposited his vote, returned, and not a hand was pressed forward, save to aid him in ascending the steps. No sooner was he beyond reach, than the vacant space was eagerly occupied. The example was salutary. A beautiful illustration had been afforded of the reverence all feel for a long life of exalted piety and active benevolence. Mankind, however they may scoff, respect religion. Hypocrisy has been beautifully called the homage paid by vice to virtue.

"My young friends, select men like these for your models;

"Go, study virtue, rugged ancient worth; Rouse up that flame our great forefathers felt; persevere in diligence; faint not in your aspirations after distinction; and may a gracious Providence richly reward your efforts."

The silk manufacture has succeeded so well in Massachusetts, that the silk company at Northampton determined, at their late meeting, to raise immediately \$30,000 in addition to the large capital already invested, in order to enlarge their operations. In one instance, a silk company in Massachusetts, only in operation two and a half years, has divided \$100 on each share, where but \$25 was paid in.

Died on the 18th day of May, 1838, Mr. Wm. Horner, of Virginia, aged one hundred and forty-five years.—*West. Const.*

From the Western Messenger for June, 1838.

INTERESTING INCIDENT IN KENTUCKY HISTORY.

At the first meeting of the Kentucky Historical Society, the following anecdote of Indian generosity and magnanimity was related by a gentleman distinguished in the annals of Kentucky; with whose permission we give it to the public through our paper.

About the year 1784 or 1785, Mr. Andrew Rowan* embarked in a barge at the Falls of the Ohio, (where Louisville now stands,) with a party, to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indiana side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan, borrowing a rifle of one of the company, stepped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game; for, from having always been of a feeble constitution and averse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and besides had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended; and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat nor the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicions of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off, and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore.

Mr. R. now found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, and himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was Vincennes, (now in Indiana,) distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to travelling in the forest he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether towards Vincennes or from it, he knew not—exhausted, famished, and despairing. Several times had he laid down, as he thought, to die. Roused by the sound of a gun far distant, betokening, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he proceeded towards the spot whence the report had proceeded, resolved, as a last hope of life, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel. Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approaching, who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm with both the whites and Indians on the frontiers in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle to his shoulder, in readiness to fire. Mr. R. turned the butt of his, and the Indian, with French politeness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam, a few miles distant, where he cooked for him for several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then learning from him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distance from his cabin of about eighty miles.

Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. R. made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. R. through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that; and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, "when I wrap myself in it I will think of you."

Where was there ever a white man, that even in a time of peace, would have so befriended an Indian?

L. B.

* Uncle of the present Hon. John Rowan, of Louisville.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Who ought to be punished, the Devil or Man?—The late John Thomas, one of the missionary brethren of Serampore, one day addressing a crowd of natives on the bank of the Ganges, was accosted by a Brahmin as follows: "Sir, don't you say the devil tempts men to sin?" "Yes," answered Mr. Thomas. "Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment." While the countenances of many of the natives discovered their approbation of the Brahmin's inference, Mr. Thomas observing a boat with several men on board descending the river, with that facility of instinctive retort for which he was distinguished, replied, "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes," "Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring all that is valuable in the boat; who ought to suffer punishment, I for instructing them, or they for doing this wicked act?"

"Why," answered the Brahmin with emotion, "you ought all to be put to death together."

"Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. Thomas, "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together."

STOP THE SCOUNDREL.—We learn from the Baltimore Sun, that a man named John J. Smith, with Mary Ann Smith, his wife, absconded from that city on Tuesday night, leaving a number of his friends minus a considerable amount. He is said to be the most finished villain that ever wore that name. He is an insignificant and pusillanimous looking fellow, and follows the business of moulding wax into flowers. The greatest loser by this arrant knave, is Miss Oldham, a respectable young lady of Baltimore, whom he induced to venture her all in his business, as a partner, by which means they had opened a handsome store in Market street, the scamp furnishing nothing but fair promises. He took every thing with him, not leaving behind one cent, thus literally robbing Miss O. We hope the press throughout the country will give this villain his dues.—*Ledger.*

FRATRICIDE.—Thomas Kinney, an Irishman, was committed to jail in Monmouth county, N. J. last Monday, charged with the murder of his own brother.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The New Orleans Bulletin mentions a rumor, that England has formally recognized the independence of Texas in a commercial treaty signed at Houston on the 4th of July. There seems to be no doubt, that a commercial treaty between the two countries has been concluded. Such a treaty is in effect a recognition of the independence of Texas.—*Olive Branch.*

From a late English Journal.

IMPORTANT TO PRINTERS.

We are happy to communicate to our brethren of the press that we have found a simple and economical substitute for the ordinary ley used for washing types, and which is applied by a method which does not deteriorate the letter so much as the brush or swing trough does, and clears away the ink far more effectually than either. Receipt.—Put into a close earthen vessel two Scotch pints of rain or river water,* take one pound of caustic or unsalted lime, and one pound of pearl ashes, and mix them among the water; cork the bottle and shake well for twenty minutes; then lay it aside, and allow the ingredients to settle. In the course of next day it should be carefully poured out, quite transparent, into another vessel, where it may be kept for use, always taking care to secure it well from the action of the atmosphere. Thus, an alkali of the most powerful kind is produced; the application of which, while it cleans off the ink, and dissolves picks on the letter, has not the slightest tendency to injure the metal, as we have proved by numerous experiments. It is used for washing jobs, &c., by being poured on a small piece of sponge, which should be firmly tied on a piece of stick, like a mop, otherwise it will seriously injure the fingers of the operator. After it has been once laid on, the job is cleansed from the alkali by dashing a couple of pails full of water on it. We may add, that half a farthing's worth of this ley will be sufficient to wash the largest form, and may be accomplished in five minutes. After most satisfactory trial of twelve months, we would recommend it to the trade. Having felt its advantages, we are anxious that all our brethren should participate in the benefit of our discovery.

* Be it remembered, that a Scotch pint is half a gallon.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.—Some ladies have distinguished themselves by declaiming against the oppression of woman, which they say exists in our christian land. They say women are kept in a condition of inferiority to men, and that of right they ought to be equal. We have been thinking the matter over, and have come to the conclusion that the wrong is quite the other way; and that if rights ought to be divided half and half, we should be for a new division—not on the ground upon which Miss Grimke goes, that men are not women, or permitted to engage in women's occupations, but because, when the simple question of superiority is at issue, the men always have to give up. If ladies and gentlemen meet on the side walk, who has to turn out? If there are not seats enough for all the company, who has to stand up? When there is danger to face, who must go forward? If there is curiosity to gratify, who goes behind? If there is too much company for the first table, who eats at the second? Who has always the right hand and the most respectable position? We could mention a hundred other cases, in which, on the simple question of right, every thing is yielded to the women. But there are many cases in which the condition of men is still worse. For instance, if on any public occasion, a pew at church, or a seat any where, be occupied by men ever so respectable or aged, a smerky little beauty trips along and presents herself at the top of the seat, and they must all jump up and clear out as if they had been shot. Especially ought it to be noticed, that when matrimonial negotiations are to be made, the whole burden of performing the delicate and often very embarrassing part of making proposals, is thrown upon the men, while the women sit and say no, no, no, as long as they like, and never say yes until they have a mind to. Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld may show a catalogue of equal grievances if she can.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

A TREACHEROUS WIFE.

In the early part of last winter, Mr. R. Callender, a fur dealer, residing in New Orleans, a German by birth, had occasion to leave that city on a journey to Missouri, in the prosecution of his business, leaving his store, containing a large and valuable assortment of furs, in the charge of his wife, a lady of exceeding beauty, and not half the age of her husband. Upon concluding his business, after an absence of several months, Mr. Callender returned to New Orleans, and was thunderstruck upon discovering that his store was entirely stripped of his goods and shut up; and that his wife had absconded with a man belonging to the city, of the name of Mark Samuel, taking with them about \$2,500 worth of his property in furs, together with his wearing apparel, furniture, &c., leaving him in a state of despair. Upon further inquiry, Mr. Callender learned that his young wife and her paramour had fled up the river about a fortnight previously, when he instantly pursued them to St. Louis. At that place he learned that the objects of his inquiry had left a few days previous for the North, carrying away with them the proceeds of nine bales of furs which they had sold at Louisville. He then continued his pursuit to this city, where the fugitives were arrested yesterday, having in their possession two bales of furs, of the value of \$600, undisposed of. The Lothario is lodged in prison, and the "interesting young wife" placed in a state of security at the house of a friend of the sufferer, in the upper part of the city. Mr. Mark Samuel is well remembered by the officers of the Police as an old receiver of stolen goods and for various other little transactions in the way of trade.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A NICE SORT OF A HUSBAN.—Before the Boston police, on Tuesday morning last, a Mr. Edward O'Brien was brought up, having been caught in the act of "correcting his wife," as he called it, "for associating with her vulgar neighbors." The watchman was stating the manner in which O'Brien was working his fist, when his wife stepped up, and said he was "a nice sort of a husband, and never hurted anny body a bit more nor they deserved, and she did not wish anny complaint to be made out against him, at ah!" Court.—"Well, ma'am, you need not make anny complaint, if you are willing to be beaten, but that is no reason why other people should not complain if the peace be broken." O'Brien was fined seven dollars.

A riot occurred in Philadelphia on the 18th of last month, between several of the workmen employed at the Schuylkill coal wharves. Three men were stabbed, one of whom it is feared dangerously.—*West. Const.*

Ohio Bank.—The banks in the State of Ohio have resolved to resume specie payments on the 13th instant, next Monday.

A great fire occurred in New York city on the morning of the first instant. About 50 houses were destroyed, and at least one hundred families made losers by this calamity. One aged man was in bed at the time, and burned to death.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

A CONSISTENT REPUBLICAN.

The New York Whig says that Mr. Adams lately walked into the ordinary of the Astor House, at the dinner hour, and very quietly took his seat at the table, apparently unknown to all present. The gentleman next to him entered into conversation with the venerable — we will not say ex-president, but statesman and patriot, which continued till dinner was ended. After Mr. Adams had retired, the neighbor of the gentleman who had conversed with him asked, "Do you know who that man was?"

"No, for the life of me, I can't remember. He came once into my store, and asked me how many ells were in a yard. Who is he?" said the gentleman.

"That was John Quincy Adams."

"Who is he? I never heard of him before," said the gentleman.

"He was the President of the United States."

"President! I don't remember. When?" asked the gentleman, scratching his occiput.

Who this gentleman could have been, we know not. And if we did, we should conceal his name in mercy to his reputation; for not to know much of John Quincy Adams, indicates a degree of ignorance of public events for the last thirty years, of which we had supposed no American could boast.

But the principal point of the story is the republican simplicity of this truly great man. He appears no where, and does nothing, with a flourish of trumpets, or the bustle of preparation. Like the lightning, which gives no warning of its flash, and shows its power by its effect on whatever it strikes, Mr. Adams always appears suddenly, and shows his strength on every subject with which he grapples.

This was either foolish affectation, or ignorance underserving respectable notice.

ANECDOTE OF DR. ROGERS.

The Rev. Dr. Rogers and several of his hearers were once summoned to appear before Sir Richard Craddock, a justice of the peace, for worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience. While they were waiting in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, a little girl, six or seven years of age, who was Sir Richard's grand daughter, happened to come into the hall; she looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance. Being naturally fond of children, he took her upon his knee, caressed her, and gave her some sweetmeats. The child being a particular favorite of her grandfather, had acquired so great an ascendancy over him that he could deny her nothing, and possessing too violent a spirit to bear contradiction, she was indulged in every thing she had been contradicted, she ran a penknife into her arm to the great danger of her life. This ungovernable spirit was in the present instance overruled for good. While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers' knee eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him and asked "what are you here for sir?" He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to jail." Upon this she ran up to the chamber, where Sir Richard was, and knocking with her hands and heels till she got in, she said to him, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman in the hall?" "That is nothing to you, get about your business," said he. "But I won't," said she; "he tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to jail, and if you do send them I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone; I will indeed." When he saw the child thus preternaturaly shook his resolution, and induced him to abandon his design. Taking the mittimus in his hand, he went down into the hall, and thus addressed these good men. "I had here made out your mittimus to send you all to jail, as you deserve; but at my grandchild's request, I drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty." They all bowed and thanked his worship. But Mr. Rogers, going to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessings of that God whose cause you have now pleaded though you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and to all eternity!"—The prayer of the good old man was heard, and many years after, was graciously answered in her conversation to God.

An additional fact may increase the interest of this anecdote. A son of this Dr. Rogers; who was, years after this, participating the politeness and hospitality of a pious lady, related at dinner the above incident of his father, for the entertainment of the company. When he was through, the lady says, "Are you the son of that Dr. Rogers?" He answered yes. She replied "I am that little girl!"

MORAL COURAGE OF THE AMERICANS.—The following sentiment was given by Capt. Marryatt at a Dinner of the Cincinnati Fishing and Hunting Club:

"You have been the first of all the cities through which I have passed, who have ventured to decide and think for yourselves, and have shown a moral courage so deficient in a portion of your countrymen."

The last community of whom Captain Marryatt receives a good dinner is, with him, exclusively the best.—*N. Am.*

A FEROCIOUS HUSBAN.—In Boston, July 27, a Joseph King, said to be a Portuguese, and usually employed as a stevedore, was brought before the Police Court, for a murderous assault on his wife, whom he knocked down and then broke her skull by a kick. He had been in the habit, for some time, of treating her with extreme cruelty. For want of bail, in the sum of \$1000, he was committed.—*Ledger.*

IMPORTANT INFORMATION to persons afflicted with the following complaints, viz: Scrofula, Leprosy, Salt Rheum, St. Anthony's Fire, Fever Sores, even when the bones are affected, White Swellings; Violent Eruptions, after measles, Scarlatina, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Pimples and Carbuncled faces, Sore Eyes, Sore legs, Scald Head, Ulcers, Venereal Taints, when Mercury has failed, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood and humors—are assured that DR. RUFFE'S Botanical Drops continue unvaried, for the prevention, relief, and cure of these complaints. In proof of which read the following remarkable cure of a case of 12 years' standing:

Extract of a letter. "Sir: My leg, which before did not look like a human limb, is now entirely healed up (after resisting every other application for 12 years!) Previous to taking your Ruffe's Botanical Drops, I had given up all hope of relief."

Another Case. An agent writes, "There is a person taking the Botanical Drops, evidently with the greatest advantage." He declares, to use his own words, "It is doing wonders for him," and is, as it were, "snatching him from the grave."

Numerous instances have occurred where persons were pining away a miserable existence, nothing they could procure affording them permanent relief, until they had made use of the above invaluable Medicine.

They are also the best Spring and Autumnal Physic. Price \$1, or 6 bottles for \$5. For sale by S. J. TODD, Washington, D. C.